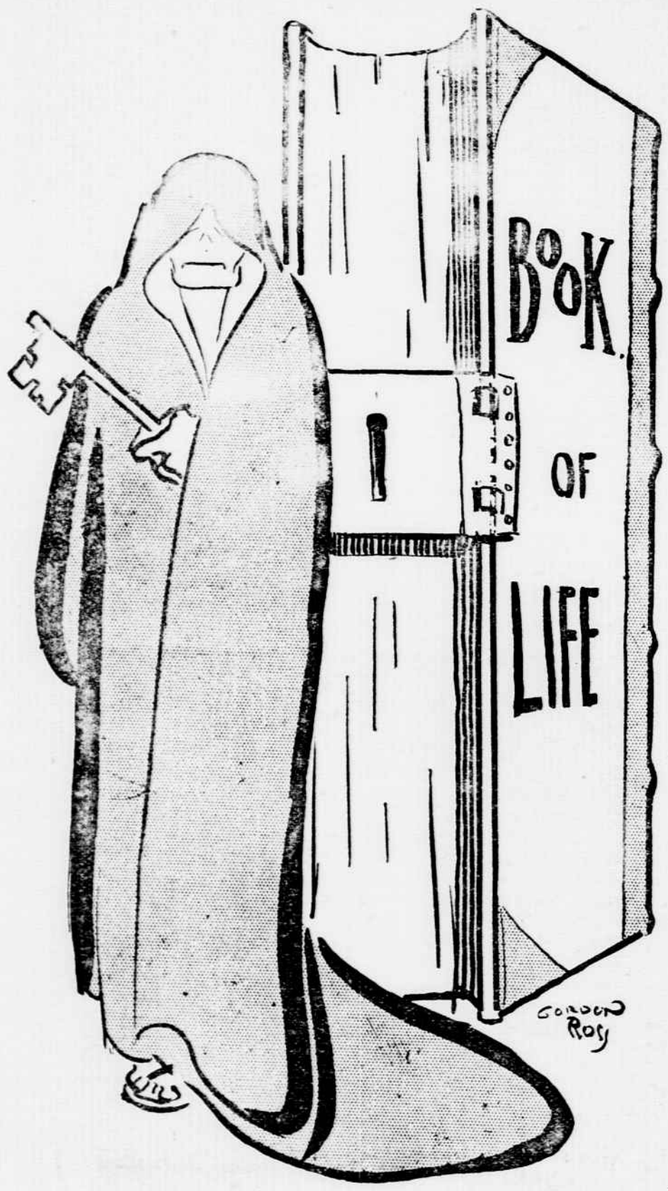
MR. DOOLEY

BY F. P. DUNNE.

PICTURES BY GORDON ROSS

Mr. Hennessy Begins Wondhrin' How to Choose a Son's Career



"I Wudden't Dare."

"I'M throubled about me son Packy" said Mr. Hennessy.

"What's happened to th' poor child?" asked Mr. Dooley. "Sure it's nawthin' more thin a boyish prank, whativer it is. Has he kilt some wan? F'rgit about it. It's on'y his youthful spirits."

"It ain't annything like that," said Mr. Hennessy. "He's a good boy, but I'm wondhrin' what I'm goin' to make iv him."

"What ye're goin' to make iv him?" cried Mr. Dooley. "Well, niver in me born days did I hear annything th' akel iv that f'r cheek. Th' more I see iv parents th' more I think they're unfit to have childher to look afther thim. Th' care an' affection iv th' young are wasted on thim. They're a selfish, impertinent, meddling, self-indulgent class, that's what they are. Th' idee iv a batthered, barnacled old derelict like ye'ersilf undhertakin' to map out a coorse in life f'r a bright intilligent boy like Packy! I don't see how he puts up with ye-er impydince. I suppose he's good natured. Ye call it respect f'r ye'er age an' expeeryence. Be hivens, I've seen th' day whin I'd punch a man in th' eye f'r showin' me th' kind iv respect youth feels f'r age. Is it respect that makes you help a blind man off a car? Go on with ye. Ye can't fool ye'ersilf an' ye can't fool th' childher. Ye know an' they know that old age is on-y a kind iv disease that has but wan endin'. An' as f'r ye'er expeeryence what more is it thin a faulty recollection iv th' foolish things ye done; th' record ain't iv anny value except as a curiosity. Packy will find his own foolish things to do; he'll injye thim while he can, an' he'll regret thim whin he must.

"Hogan was in here yesterdah with th' same song. 'Me son an' heir' he calls him. It's all right to be Hogan's son, but he'll have to wurruk hard if he's his heir. Well, sir, this here projidy iv Hogan's is hardly old enough to penethrate th' cunning disguise that Hogan assumes whin he's in th' bosom iv his fam'ly. Up to now he thinks Hogan puts on th' appearance iv a deep an' thoughtful an' gloomy man as a joke an' 'tis highly amusin' to th' offspring. Whin he larns that 'tis seeryous an' that Hogan ra-aly expects his fam'ly to look up to him as a kind iv model insthructor, guide, judge an' hangman combined, I don't know what he'll think. But at this minyit Hogan has charted th' whole coorse iv life f'r him. 'I'll not let him run wild th' way I done,' says he. 'He'll profit be me expeeryence,' says he. 'Oho!' says I, 'th' ashes are goin' to insthruct th' fire how to burn,' says I. 'Niver mind,' says he, 'I'm goin' to study his pecoolyarities an' give him a shove th' way he seems inclined to go,' says he. 'As th' twig is bent th' three's inclined,' says he. 'Well, sir,' says I, 'he starts with great advantages. Very few childher in my time has had th' binifit iv th' expeeryence iv a man that be sober industhry, great intelleck an' inthrepid courage has rose fr'm almost nawthin' to be an inspector iv gas meters. Has he tipped himsilf off in anny way? Has he given ye anny indication that wud show ye whether ye ought to dig down into th' vast threasury iv ye'er knowledge an' larn him boxing, step dancing or thrigonomethry?' 'Not yet,' says he. 'Some days I think he's goin' to be a gr-reat musicyan' f'r even now he can sing "King Willum was King George's Son" so ye can tell it apart fr'm "Home, Sweet Home."' 'He shows a good deal iv hunger an' thirst?' says I. 'He does,' says he. 'He sleeps well?' 'Like a thrain dispatcher.' 'He wants his own way? An' without raison?' 'There's no raisoning with him, so I niver thry.' 'Well, thin,' says I, 'I can see his future.' 'What's that?' says he. 'He'll be a Hogan,' says I.

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"Be hivens, bachelor that Iam an' therefore onselfish, onprejudiced an' sincere I wudden't undertake to advise anny young fellow what career he shud take up. To a young lady I wud give th' gin'ral insthruction: 'Grab th' first wan that comes along. They're all alike.' But what wud I say to a young man who come to me to pick out a job f'r him? There are so manny jobs in th' worruld an' so few iv thim are worth havin'. Ye have to hunt th' good jobs, but th' other kind seize ye whin ye'er off ye'er guard an' hold ye f'r th' rest iv ye'er life. They're th' kind iv offices that seeks th' man. Whin I was a young fellow I used to think I'd like to be a king or an' impror, but there's very little future f'r a king nowadays, an' as f'r an impror he's ayether got to larn th' business iv sellin' cotton pants to th' Chineymen like th' Impror iv Germany or spind his days an' nights in a chilled steel safe like th' Impror iv Rooshya. I wanst wanted to be a millyonaire an' clank me goold watch chain to make th' multichood mad at me. But who wants to be a millyonaire nowadays whin there are pleasanter ways iv gettin' into jail? Watch ye'er boy an' see

"Sells Cotton Prints to th' Chineymen Like th' Impror iv Germany."

if he shows anny signs iv becomin' a capitalist an', if he does, talk long an' earnestly with him. Tell him how th' thirst f'r money grows on a man; how he begins be takin' a little f'r socyability's sake; thin he finds he can't do without it; he frequents th' banks habitchooly; wanst ten thousand dollars wud go to his head; now it takes millyons to affect him; fin'lly he's took up be th' polis an' his picture is in th' gallery marked 'Habitchool millyonaire,' an' he's doin' th' lock-step with prisidints iv railroad companies an' other notoryous malyfactors. Don't let th' lad develop into a millyonaire. Stop him now befure it is too late. Don't give him anny money. Ye won't, but don't.

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"No, sir, I wouldn't know how to advise a young man, but I've often thought that if I had me life to live over again I'd be a lawyer. 'Tis a noble profissyon. It's nobler now thin it used to be in th' old days whin a lawyer had to go into coort an' holler till he was hoorse to arn his fee. In thim times 'twas no sinycure, as Hogan says. If I had throuble with ye, ye hurrid off to wan lawyer an' I to another, an' th' next month we were down in th' coortroom hearin' what th' larned counsel had to say about us. No matther how th' judge decided I got me money's worth whin me attorney shook his finger at ye an' alluded to th' fact that ye are a low-browed ruffyan with a squint in ye'er eye. Thin his remarks about me. What a good fellow I was; how I sacrificed meslif f'r me friends; as he told th' story iv me life he wept an' I wept too, although this was the first I'd heard iv it. I niver cud feel that he was doin' it f'r thirty dollars. An' thin whin he come to dhrag out th' authorities to support me! I wint to law with ye because I was cross an' wasn't sure whether I cud lick ye in a rough-an'-tumble fight, but, whin me lawyer begin to talk, I seen at wanst that I was in coort to perform a disagreeable jooty in th' inthrests iv civvylization an' humanity. Th' decisions were all on my side. Be hivens it looked as though they were all written with an eye to this particular case. It didn't make anny diff'rence whether th' decision was about th' capture iv fugitive slaves or consarnin' th' goold standard, it fitted onto my case as though it had been measured f'r it. D'ye raymimber Grogan? He was me lawyer in thim days whin I had wrongs that I didn't propose to have thrampled on. I took thim to Grogan an' Grogan presinted thim to th' coort. Dear me, but 'twas a threat to see an' hear him. He'd been a pedlar in his youth an' ye cud hear his voice as far as th' Indyanny state line. Whin he talked to th' judge ye'd think he was hollerin' insthructions to a shipwrecked sailor against th' wind. I can see him now as he knelt on th' flure an' called heaven to witness th' justice iv his cause, or stalked acrost th' room to where me opponent sat an' hissed in his ear, 'Polthroon!' Whin he spoke iv th' other lawyer as me larned brother he done it in such a way that ye expected th' other lawyer to reach f'r a gun. And it wasn't all talkin' ayether. 'Twas th' hardest kind iv exercise. His arms were always in motion. He wud bate th' table with his fist till th' coort house thrembled. He wud shake his head till ye'd think he'd shake it off. If he was th' lawyer in a case iv assault an' batthry he'd punch himsilf in th' jaw an' fall over a chair to show th' jury how it happened. If 'twas a murdher thrile he'd pretind to shoot himsilf through th' heart an' sink to th' ground dead with his head in a waste-paper basket an' his foot in a juryman's lap. If 'twas a breach iv promise suit he'd kneel on th' flure in front iv a juryman that looked soft an' beg him to be his. There was no kind iv acrobat that ye iver see in a circus that cud give annything to Grogan. An' whin he'd filled th' air with beautiful language an' baten th' coortroom furniture into slivers he'd sink down in his chair overcome be his emotions, with th' tears pourin' fr'm his eyes, an' give ye th' wink f'rm behind his handkerchief.

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"He was th' gr-reat man an' whin th' likes iv him were alive 'twas some fun goin' to law. But now, mind ye, if ye consult a lawyer he receives ye in his office, looks out iv th' window while ye'er tellin' th' story iv th' crool wrong done ye be ye'er neighbor, taps his nose with his eyeglasses an' says: 'Ye have a perfectly good case. I advise ye to do nawthin'. Ninety-four dollars, please. Oh, if ye insist on thryin' th' case I'll sind th' office boy over with ye. He always riprisints th' firm in coort.' 'Don't ye iver go into coort?' says I. 'What wud I be doin' in a smelly courtroom, talkin' up to a man that was me chief clerk last year?' says he. 'No, sir, th' law is a diff'rent profissyon fr'm what it was whin Dan'l Webster an' Rufus Choate an' thim gas bags used to make a mighty poor livin' be shoutin' at judges that made less. Th' law today is not on'y a profissyon. It's a business. I made a bigger honoraryum last year consolidatin' th' glue inthrests that afterwards wint into th' hands iv a receiver, which is me, than Dan'l Webster iver thought was in th' goold mines iv th' wurruld. I can't promise to take a case f'r ye an' hoot me reasons f'r thinkin' ye'er right into th' ears iv a larned judge. I'm a poor speaker. But if iver ye want to do something that ye think ye oughtn't to do, come around to me an' I'll show ye how to do it,' says he.

"'Tis a grand profissyon. An' if a man's a lawyer he can be ivrything else. When we want a man to do annything in this counthy fr'm conductin' a war to runnin' a polis foorce, we hire a lawyer. Nearly all prisidints have been lawyers. All th' la-ads in th' cabinet are lawyers. Whin an admiral comes home fr'm bravin' th' terrors iv th' seas an' th' strange dhrinks iv foreign lands 'tis to a lawyer he reports. Whin a gin'ral has commanded our gallant army in th' Ph'lippeens an' suffered manny a savage thrust fr'm th' bolo and th' Springfield Republican, he comes home to injye th' greatest honor that a sojer can injye, th' honor iv reportin' to th' head iv the army, a gallant warryor fr'm th' Yale Law School. Th' on'y man in th' gover'mint that ain't a lawyer is Tiddy Rosenfelt himsilf. But he gets th' best legal advice there is goin'. He has a cabinet iv lawyers an' he consults thim an' they tell him he's perfectly right. An' so he is. F'r what is done today is th' law tomorrow.

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"But, annyhow, Hinnissy, don't ye bother ye'er head about what's goin' to happen to ye'er boy. Whativer is goin' to happen will happen, ye can bet on that. What makes ye think ye can pick out a callin' f'r him? Here ye ar-re, goin' on I don't know how old, but ye'er older thin I am an' I can prove it. Ye'er hair has left ye; ye'er brain goes as slowly to wurruk as ye'er feet; whin ye want to

"Ye Have a Perfectly Good Case. I Advise Ye to Do Nawthin. Ninety-Four Dollars, Please."

read ye have to hook on spectacles that make ye look like a diver; ye can't stay awake afther ten o'clock at night or asleep afther four in th' mornin'; ye can on'y remember things that happened yesterday an' forty years ago; if ye remember annything else it gin'rally isn't thrue. Ye are hangin' on to a ledge iv what ye call good health, but that wud seem like a bad case iv sickness to a young fellow, an' all ye can think iv doin' is bawlin' insthructions to th' kids around ye about what they ought to do an' say an' think an' wear. 'There ain't anny good, relible snap in human life,' says Father Kelly. 'There are a few time honored marks to show where th' greatest dangers are an' most hardy sailor men sail as close to thim as they can without gettin' wrecked. If they go too far away they'll find no wind to fill their sails. But no man can chart it all out f'r anny other man. Th' on'y thing we can do is to see that th' boat's made seaworthy an' is well-provisioned, toss out a few simple hints an' lave it go at that. An owner is as much a hoodoo on board as a parson. Ye can tell Hinnissy that th' boat is ready to sail an' 'tis time f'r him an' me to go ashore. We've told th' captain all we know. F'rm now on he must take his chances an' be th' look in his eye I guess he's ready."

"I'd like to have me own life to live over," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I wuddent," said Mr. Dooley. "I wuddent dare."

"Th' On'y Wan in the Govermint That Ain't a Lawyer."

OLD U. S. S. SARATOGA NOW GOING TO JUNK HEAP; WAS WITH COMMODORE PERRY'S JAPANESE FLEET

ONE of the last survivors of the United States Navy of the days of the old windjammers—the sloop-of-war Saratoga—is soon to go to the final resting place of all good vessels—the junk heap. Condemned by government inspectors as no longer fit for service as a cruising training ship, the gallant old square-rigger has been put on the block to be sold to the highest bidder. Several bids have been received, but as yet none has come up to the government figure of $4,500. When sold she will be broken up for her metal and what good timber there is in her hull and the world will hear the last of her.

The Saratoga, while never a spectacular figure in our naval warfare, will be remembered by the passing generation of little brown men in the islands of the sun, for she was one of the fifteen ships that visited Japan back in the fifties under the command of Commodore Perry, an event that will pass down in Japan's history as the starting point of her advance as a world power. And there are many others, unless they have long since passed into the beyond, who will remember the gallant old ship—swarthy Spanish Americans, from Panama and all around the coast to Rio; dusky Polynesians of the south Pacific island clusters; naked black men from the coast forests of western Africa, rescued from the vile holds of slavers; shifty Malays with ugly creeses in their loin cloths; burnoosed Arabs and turbanned followers of the prophet; hideous Chinese pirates, swimming for their lives from the battered, sinking hulks of their junks, smashed by the Saratoga's batteries—these and many more have cause, if alive, to remember the name of the now rotten, dismantled seafighter.

For in her day the Saratoga was the pride of the navy in her class. Among her commanders were some of the most noted men in the annals of our naval history, and she roamed the seas bravely and truly under the good old flag, which in the course of her wanderings rippled from her stern over the harbor waters of nearly every well-known port on the globe. That she was a good ship in her day is set down in the Navy Department records, for as far back as 1849 Commander W. C. Nicholson, then on the quarterdeck of the Saratoga, wrote in one of his reports: "Sails well and steers well, and is weatherly; stands up remarkably well under canvas and rides extremely well at her anchors; can dispense with all her ballast." What that note regarding her ballast says for the Saratoga's stiffness and seaworthy qualities any sailorman knows.

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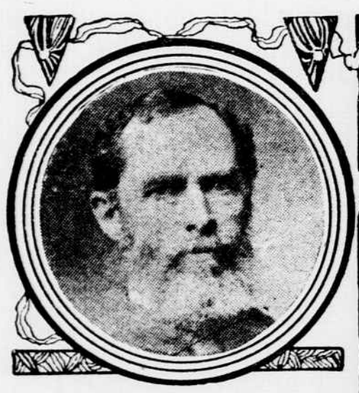
The Saratoga was built at the Portsmouth (N. H.) navy yard under government order



Chief Engineer E. D. Robie, 1879.

and launched July 26, 1842. When she took the dip and slid her prow into the brine naval architects said they had pronounced the last word in shipbuilding of the day. She was 150 feet in length, with a 37-foot beam and 16 feet depth of hold. Her displacement was 882 tons. She was the largest sloop-of-war in the navy, and was christened in honor of the famous frigate that won the battle of Lake Erie in the war of 1812. She cost to build $159,161, and in eight years her repairs had cost the government $86,847. Alongside one of the battleships of our present navy she would stack up like a small-sized coal barge, but when they rigged her at the Portsmouth yard in the forties they thought her a gallant ship enough and a credit to American naval architecture.

Her first commander was Josiah Tattnall, afterward in command of the Confederate ram Merrimac, precursor of the present day armor-clad sea forts. Commander Tattnall took the Saratoga out of Portsmouth one blustering day in March, 1843. It was blowing hugely from the nor'-nor'east, so the records say, when Tattnall drove her out into the bluster. He figured on making an offing and getting enough sea room to nose out through the gale, but when he got outside where the full might of the storm had play it was found expedient to turn tail and hike for harbor under storm trysails. According to the records it was so thick that bearings were lost and soundings were the only protection from driving ashore. Finally Commander Tattnall hove to in the teeth of the blast and anchored. Not satisfied with all the anchors on board, he made cables fast to the heaviest guns and heaved them overboard. To further ease her riding, they cut her masts off close to the deck and pried the wreckage into the sea. When it cleared they found themselves riding easily a few rods to windward of as nasty a rim of breakers as live on the New England coast. Had they delayed anchoring while the skipper looked at his watch the Saratoga would not have done the things to be further chronicled, and the Merrimac would have had another commander than this same Tattnall.

They towed the hulk back to the yards and in a few months sent her out again, a stanch, kite-flying, windjammer, with a goodly store of ammunition to feed the big muzzle-loaders in her batteries. Her armament as a sloop-of-war consisted of six eight-inch smoothbores, twelve smoothbore thirty-two-pounders, one light smoothbore twelve-pounder, one Dahlgren rifled thirty-pounder and two rifled twelve-pounders. It should be stated here for the benefit of the uninitiated that the classification of the Saratoga as a sloop-of-war is based on her armament, not rig. As will be seen in the illustration, she was a full-rigged ship of the fine old type and not a fore-and-after, as the sloop rig is termed.

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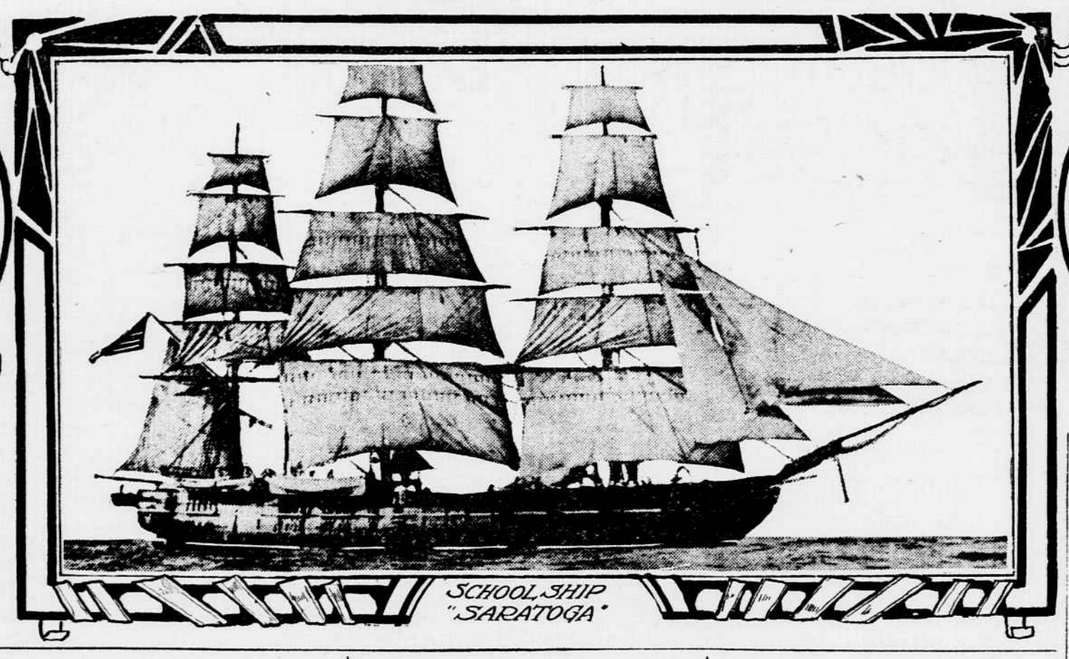
Commander Tattnall took the refitted Saratoga across the Atlantic and joined Commodore Perry's fleet off the coast of Africa. She plyed the Mediterranean and up and down the west coast for two years, and then under command of Commander I. Shubrick joined the squadron of Commodore Conner in the West Indies and later that of Commodore Rousseau at Brazil. Late in 1845 she was ordered to join the Pacific fleet, but for some reason not chronicled in the department records she did not double the Horn, but returned to Hampton roads early in 1846.

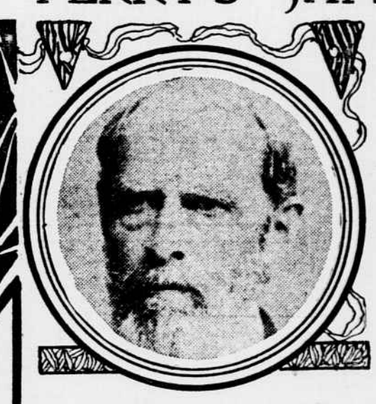
In the following year the command of the Saratoga went to the famous David G. Farragut, then a promising young commander. He joined the squadron of Commodore Perry in the West Indies and cruised in South American ports. In 1848 Commander W. C. Nicholson was given the Saratoga, which still remained with Commodore Perry in the West Indies. A year later Commander William S. Walker took the Saratoga around the Horn and across the Pacific and joined the squadron of Commodores P. F. Voorhees and J. H. Aulick in the East Indies. The Saratoga cruised in oriental waters for nearly ten years, participating in many bickerings with the vicious pirates of those regions.



In April of 1853 the Saratoga, still in command of Commander Walker, lay in Hongkong harbor when Commodore Perry brought in the steam frigate Mississippi. With several other vessels, the Saratoga joined the commodore's expedition to Japan, and in July was towed by the steam frigate Susquehanna into the placid waters of Yedo bay to Uraga, the Tokio of today.

There were fifteen ships in the fleet that flapped their sails in the breeze before the indifferent gaze of those exclusive little brown people. The Mississippi was the flagship. Boatloads of jackies and marines went ashore from each of the vessels, and the few of the men still living cherish the memory of that visit above those of all their other wanderings. As one of the ships participating in the opening up of Japan to the trade of the world the Saratoga deserves a niche of her own in history.

Until the outbreak of the civil war the Saratoga was still cruising in the waters of the far east. In 1861, under command of Commander Alfred Taylor, she was off the coast of Africa on the lookout for slavers. She captured several and rescued the masses of jabbering black folk packed



Rear Admiral Robie Today.

in below decks, temporarily at least, from slavery on southern plantations.

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In 1863 she was turned over to Commander George Colvocoresses and sent to the Delaware breakwater to guard shipping there. She was already considered out of date and too old to participate actively in any naval engagements of heavy character. But in January, 1864, she was sent to blockade duty with the south Atlantic squadron off Charleston, S. C., and in the next year, in command of Lieut. George E. Welch, performed blockade duty off Georgia. It was during that summer that the officers and men of the old vessel performed services that brought to them a general order of commendation from Rear Admiral John A. Dahlgren.

In August the Saratoga sent out a boat expedition to McIntosh Court House, Ga., which resulted in the capture of a large number of prisoners and the destruction of two important bridges, as well as the burning of a large encampment. Later in the same month another successful expedition was sent out, in which many prisoners were captured at South Newport, Ga., a large number of Enfield rifles taken, together with a great quantity of sabers, shotguns, cartridges and powder, two of the largest salt works on the coast destroyed and a bridge over the South Newport river demolished.

At the close of the war the Saratoga was sent to Annapolis, where for years she was used as a gunnery ship and experimental battery and as a schoolship for naval apprentices. She made many short cruises along the coast and was stationed at various times at the different navy yards. Finally, in 1890, she was sent to League Island, Pa., and became the public marine schoolship there, taking short cruises under the joint supervision of the state and the city of Philadelphia. On last February she started on what was to prove her final voyage. At sea she met a heavy storm, which strained her old timbers and sticks so badly as to necessitate putting back to port. An inspection was ordered by the Navy Department, and the old sea fighter was condemned and ordered sold as junk. She lies in the back channel at League Island a dismantled hulk after sixty-five years of honorable service under the Stars and Stripes.

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Of the naval men who remember the Saratoga as she slipped into Yedo bay back in the fifties there is probably but one in Washington today—Rear Admiral Edward D. Robie, who was assistant engineer on Commodore Perry's flagship Mississippi during the Japanese expedition. Admiral Robie is one of six survivors of the 191 officers that accompanied Commodore Perry on this memorable occasion. The other five are Rear Admirals J. H. Upshur, Oscar F. Stanton, George B. Balch, Edwin Fithian and Rev. Dr. J. S. Sewall, chaplain.

Admiral Robie treasures his memories of that visit to Japan, and his residence on 21st street contains many souvenirs of the occasion. Among them are several paintings, arranged from sketches and daguerreotypes made at that time, showing the landing of the American naval parties and depicting various scenes and incidents of the visit.

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Admiral Robie was with the Mississippi when she circumnavigated the globe, the first voyage of the kind made by a steam vessel of the American navy. She sailed from Norfolk in November, 1852, crossed the Atlantic, touching at Madeira and St. Helena; thence down the coast to Cape Town, through the Indian ocean to Ceylon and Singapore; then to Hongkong, where the Saratoga was picked up, and then to Japan for the memorable visit. In '54 the Mississippi left the fleet and proceeded alone to Hawaii and San Francisco; thence down to Panama and the coast to Valparaiso and southward to the straits of Magellan, through the passages to the south Atlantic and up to Rio Janeiro and thence straight to New York, which port was made in April, 1855.

Admiral Robie became a chief engineer and was retired with a rank of commodore, which a few years ago was raised by a special act of Congress to that of rear admiral.